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GROUPS FROM WILKIE'S "VILLAGE FESTIVAL." — No. I.

WHAT a make-believe of a summer we are now in the midst of! As for the sun's rising or setting, we take the facts on trust from the almanacs, for eternal clouds and mists prohibit our judging for ourselves. Here, at this season for holidays, are we weather-bound in London, yearning to get into the country, to stroll in the fields or scramble over hedges; and when tired,—rest ourselves at some rustic ale-house bench. But there are no hopes of doing so till St. Swithin's prophecy is fulfilled, and our forty days' penance is suffered. Thank God, above half the time is run out, and that we are twenty days nearer settled weather than we were at the fifteenth of July.

In the meantime, as we cannot enjoy the real rustic halting place for travellers, with its life, and merriment, and scenes of varied interest, without the penalty of a soaking, let us, on a dry, comfortable chair, seat ourselves in the National Gallery, and sympathize with Wilkie's "Village Festival," as the best substitute for the reality; better indeed, in some respects, than the reality itself. For who knows what the consequences would be, of the temptations offered by that king of Bonifaces, the prime figure of the group selected for the present illustration. What a type of a country landlord he is! What an advertisement of the excellence of his liquor; not heavy, dull, and sleepy stuff, you may be sure, but bright and sparkling as champagne, or our landlord's face would never be so light-some and so persuasive as it is. He has already drunk the health of a score of his friendly customers; and is as apt as ever to crown the glasses he fills with sparkling froth. Mean is the spirit of the man who fills a glass tamely, and without frothing. Boniface is now doing his best for the gardener, whose back is towards us. Gardener's friend, he with a full-blown rose in his bosom, has already been landlord's guest for long—so long that he stays criticising the lustre of his *second*, nay, we are not sure it is not his *third* bottle. Blacky must have been his companion too, for the expression, radiant on his handsome grin, seems to announce his testimony how pleasant John Barleycorn has been to him, and his very sincere recommendation of it to gardener. Hark! how he smacks his lips—what a relish in that sound! Behind this group, a smiling, good tempered land-

lady is commending the excellent accommodations of her house to a new comer. There is full consciousness expressed in that face that the best of every thing is within doors; fitches of bacon, six inches deep with pearly fat, picturesquely marked with gentle streaks of pink lean; such milky new laid eggs for poaching too; and not a cleaner bed in all the parish, not at the "Hall" or the "Vicarage," can be had, than here. The traveller will stay, and make one of the merriest, there can be no doubt of that.

We have two other groups to give from the "Village Festival," on future occasions.

SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY.

"THE dust we tread upon was once alive," is the astounding proposition of the poet, and its truth has been almost literally confirmed within the present century. The science of geology now occupies much of the attention of all classes of society; its claims are varied, and of almost paramount importance to every one of the least intellectual pretensions. In the higher walks of science it presents a wide field of inquiry and speculation: it carries the botanist into a wide expanse of floral richness and grandeur; the conchologist finds an endless variety of new objects developing separate interests, beauties, and wonders; even the highest and most profound speculations of astronomy connect themselves with the sublime theories illustrative of the history of the earth; indeed, almost every science is less or more interwoven with that of geology. But in the less elevated ranks of literature it has also found its admirers; for, as a subject of simple curiosity, it has furnished more materials for popular conversation than any other. To the useful arts of life geology has been of essential service; and when we reflect that year after year revolutions are taking place in the physical conditions of the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature, the most intense interest is at once excited to investigate those changes, and to inquire into the character of those influences which exert themselves so powerfully in modifying the surface, and external structure of our planet.

By these inquiries into the state of the earth and its inhabitants at former periods

we acquire a more comprehensive knowledge of its present condition, and more complete and definite views of the laws that govern its animate and inanimate productions. When we study the moral history of man and the progress of society, we obtain a more extensive survey of the human mind by instituting a comparison between the earlier conditions of the world and the present moral and social improvement of man. So, in the natural world, do we enlarge and strengthen our acquaintance with the ever-varied and strongly diversified character of its surface by investigating the operations of nature during former epochs. When we refer to the records of the wars, revolutions, and incidents, connected with the ancients, we often feel surprised how the fate of a battle, or the elevation of a prince on the throne, may have had the effect of annihilating a nation for ever, or of its rising into the annals of fame. Again, on the other hand, we will find that the influence which natural causes have on the fortunes of a nation is still more astonishing and wonderful. If we carry back our researches into the history of the ocean, the existence of lakes, the extent of valleys and of mountain chains, and the prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in regions which have long been undisturbed, they will, in general, afford us satisfactory information of the present fertility of one district and the sterile condition of another—they will point out to us the repositories of buried mineral wealth and ancient vegetable deposit—and thus teach us an important and useful lesson, in the combined history of the moral and natural world, that the commercial prosperity, internal strength, and real power of a nation, is now, in a great measure, dependent on the local distribution of matter, animate and inanimate, during a very remote period in the physical history of the globe.

But, independent of the direct advantages arising from the study of geology, there are other interests connected with the progress of the science to which, at this time, we mean to direct especial attention. It has been said that there is a manifest contradiction between the deductions of geology and the declarations of scripture. Two classes of persons engage in raising this objection: the one maintaining that the teachings of the Bible are contradicted by plain matters of fact, and they therefore abandon the entire volume of inspiration as an imposture; the other class of objectors to which we refer are those who proceed on the supposition, that every expression in the sacred writings which conforms to any philosophical hypothesis amounts to a revelation of that hypothesis, and they would therefore limit geological investigations to the expressions used incidentally in writings

which have religion and morals, and not philosophy, for their end and object. Both classes err in their modes of treating the subject: the one distorting natural appearances to invalidate revealed truth; the other shackling the inspired writings with the trammels of natural science, and forcing the doctrines of the Bible into a path into which they were never meant to enter. Truth, of whatever kind, is immutable. Positive, substantial, scientific truth, must stand simply and independently on its own ground of strict inductive conclusion, divested of all theological views, ideas, and assumptions. Whatever reflections we may make during the study of a science, must be a mere abstract matter of intellectual contemplation, and depend more on the individual turn of mind than the bare naked truths themselves. Neither does revealed truth need the confirmation of scientific sanctions, nor stand in any danger of scientific disclosures detracting from the sublimity of the reflection, "The heavens declare the glory of God." To call in the aid of natural science to illustrate revealed truth is to derogate from the high authority which already supports it; for "His word is true from the beginning, and every one of his righteous judgments endureth for ever."

To many minds it may prove an agreeable, and perhaps useful exercise, to reconcile the discoveries of modern science with scripture; but it ought to be constantly kept in view, that whatever discrepancies may at first seem to exist, they will, on more matured reflection, and more enlarged and careful examination, disappear. Truth is consistent, immutable, and eternal; and he who reads the wisdom and goodness of God in his works, cannot reject the truths which God hath declared by his word.

One of the points in which there appears to be so much discordance between the deductions of geology and the statements of scripture respects the age of the world, or the date of its creation. By some it is assumed that the scriptures make the age of the world to be about six thousand years, and fix its creation immediately previous to the birth of our first parents; while geology, on the contrary, in giving the past history of the earth, speaks of the human race as forming but a single and recent event in a long succession of changes. The duration of man appears but as a day in the chronology of the globe; periods of immeasurable extent have elapsed in which other and different orders of beings had a lease of this world; race followed race, and revolution succeeded revolution, until it was finally prepared for the reception of the human family.

Many persons, anxious to reconcile the facts of geology with their ideas of the first chapter of Genesis, have very erroneously

concluded that it was a mere human tradition, and formed no part of the revelation which God has given; and many have been induced to believe so from the circumstance that the former successive destruction and renovation of the world was a generally received doctrine among almost every people of the ancient world. It formed one of the hymns of Orpheus, so celebrated in the fabulous ages of Greece. We also learn that the Egyptians believed the world to be subject to occasional conflagrations and deluges, whereby the gods arrested the career of human wickedness, and purified the world from guilt. The stoic philosophers derived the doctrine of the gradual debasement of man from a state of innocence from the Egyptians. It was their belief that, towards the termination of each era, the gods could no longer bear with the wickedness of man, and a shock of the elements, or a deluge, overwhelmed them; after which calamity *Astrea* descended on the earth to renew the golden age. The continual change to which the physical features of the world is subject has been taught from the earliest of times. In the sacred volume of the Hindoos, written about one thousand years before the birth of Christ, it is said, that "the immutable power, by waking and reposing alternately, revivifies and destroys, in eternal succession, the whole assemblage of locomotive and immovable creatures. There are creations, also, and destruction of worlds innumerable: the Being, supremely exalted, performs all this with as much ease as if in sport, again and again, for the sake of conferring human happiness." But, although the ancients believed in the periodic revolutions of the inorganic world, there is no evidence that they contemplated any change taking place in the race of animals. The prevailing opinion seems to have been, that after each catastrophe, exactly the same species of animals were created again. "Every animal shall be generated anew, and man, free from guilt, shall be given to the world." The physical history of the earth still dwelt in the deep and remote recesses of geology, and was, by the sages of those times, untouched, unopened, and unknown.

Others, again, have assumed that the first, and several of the following chapters of Genesis, are a poetical mythus, designed to convey moral instruction under a seeming narration of facts; but for such an assumption there is not the least necessity, and they must be considered as plain a narration of positive occurrences as that of any other portion of scripture.

The term day, so frequently occurring in the first chapter of Genesis, has been considered by several to signify an epoch, an indefinitely long period of time. The original word, which is translated by the English term day, is used with considerable

latitude in many places; but still, to consider any other than a literal day—including the evening and the morning, a period of twenty-four hours—to be meant, would be unwarrantable, and opposed to the best philological readings of the passage.

It has been remarked, that those who represent geology as inconsistent with the scriptures assume the age of the world to be about six thousand years; but it is nowhere stated that the earth was made out of nothing, about the same period as the creation of our first parents; it is simply said, that "in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," but nowhere mentions how far distant that beginning was from the day of the creation of our first parents; no precise or definite time is anywhere stated, but simply announced that at some time or other, perhaps myriads of ages in remote antiquity, God did create, did call into existence, the heavens and the earth; but at what particular time in the lapse of eternal ages that great event took place we are not informed.

In the first chapter of Genesis, as God is speaking to man, so he speaks after the manner of man, and represents the progression of things, not with philosophical precision, for that would have been unintelligible to man in the less elevated condition of his character, but as they would have appeared to a spectator had he then been on the earth's surface: for example, when it is said, "God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night," the language used does not import that the sun and moon were that very instant created, but only implies that they were now made to shine out upon the renovated earth, and become visible lights to it. That the scripture meaning in the first chapter must be taken in this most obvious sense is evident, from reading in conjunction with a previous passage, where it is said, "God made a firmament." Now, no one understands here that the seeming canopy above us is a literal thing or substance, called a firmament, but only that such is the appearance of it to a spectator on the earth; and hence the extreme propriety of the language. So also, when it is said that God made two great lights, and placed them in the firmament, we are not to suppose that the sun and moon were at that very time created and fixed in the blue expanse, but only that such would to man have appeared to be the case had he been in existence on the fourth day, when the clouds and vapours were dispersed, and the sun and moon regained their long-lost splendour, and once more shone forth in majestic brilliancy to regenerate, nourish, and sustain new species of vegetable and animal life, then destined to adorn and replenish the earth.

There are other strong arguments in sup-

port of this conclusion. In the third verse it is stated, that "God said, Let there be light; and there was light." This took place during the first day of the account given us by Moses; and "God saw the light that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness; and God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night: and the evening and the morning were the first day." This is a most wonderful, and very important passage. The sun and moon are not spoken of, as being made, for three days after; and were we to consider the description given any other than that already characterized as being most consonant with the text, we must be constrained to admit that light has an independent existence from those luminaries, and that the condensation of it into those orbs was a subsequent act of Almighty power. But should it be asked, How was the distinction between the evening and the morning maintained, without the agency of those rulers of night and day? the best answer is, that the calling into being of light, here alluded to, does, in common with geology itself, signify that some remarkable revolution had taken place in the globe; and that, during the violent commotion, dense clouds and vapours had enveloped the earth, and shut out the light of heaven; and now a partial dissipation of them had taken place, so that it became easy to distinguish between night and day. Again; the appearance of the sun and moon on the fourth day was the result of the complete dissipation of those clouds, and a human spectator would have thought them called into existence at that instant. It then appears evident that we must not regard the first chapter of Genesis as giving an account of the original creation of the world, but of its renovation, and of its being remodelled after having undergone a long succession of changes and revolutions, which constituted essential steps in the architecture and government of that spacious dwelling which was to become the habitation of a being, so complicated in his design, so endless in his pursuits, and so varied in his wants, as man.

Geology does thus not only harmonize with the teachings of scripture, but will also be found to be of the first importance in connexion with natural theology. The eternity of the world is, of all the atheistical hypotheses ever propounded, the most plausible and perplexing. The proper refutation is to be found in the world itself. In the geological history of the globe, after successive generations, we arrive at a period when it was incapable of sustaining any form of life—when nothing existed but the bare elements of nature—and when, in all probability, the gradations to non-terrestrial existence were not remote. Geo-

logy affords the most demonstrative and conclusive answer ever given to the objection brought against Revelation—viz., "That nothing in the material world leads to the notion that the Deity ever interferes except by general laws." Since the creation of the earth, it has been repeatedly re-peopled with new and varied genera and species, of both animal and vegetable life. The present races of animals have not existed on the earth for more than a few thousand years. The altered state of the earth could no longer sustain its former class of inhabitants; new races of beings appeared to supply their place; and every such act of creation must be viewed as an actual interference of the Deity, and an evidence of the reigning power of a particular Providence.

As the days of man, and everything by which he is surrounded, are numbered, one differing from another merely by the comparative space assigned to the brief duration of its existence; so also has destiny stamped the date of its end upon the face of this globe. "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up."

Another point, in which it has been said that the deductions of geology do not agree with the statements of scripture, is in the account given of the Mosaic deluge; but the discussion of this subject we shall reserve for another occasion.

In first applying to the study of geology, the vast periods of time which are forced upon contemplation frequently form a very serious obstacle in the way of progress. Overwhelming though they be, when compared with the ordinary standards of duration incidental to human affairs, they are yet quite in harmony with all the views which modern science has unfolded.

In a Saracen manuscript, written about the end of the thirteenth century, is found the following beautiful allegorical figure, illustrative of the remarkable changes which are taking place in the physical features of the earth, and of the general ignorance prevalent respecting them:—"I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded. 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on the same subject as ignorant as ourselves.' One thousand years afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city, and demanded of a peasant, who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed. 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he, 'the ground here has never been different from what you now behold it.' Was there not of old, said I, a splendid city

here? 'Never,' answered he, 'so far as I have seen; and never did our fathers speak to us of such.' On my return, one thousand years afterwards, I found the sea on the same place; and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired, How long the land had been covered with the waters? 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now.' I again returned in one thousand years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man who stood upon the spot, and he gave me the same answers that I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time; and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity: we are ignorant of how long it has existed, and our fathers were on the same subject as ignorant as ourselves.'

It is the peculiar province of astronomy and geology to carry their speculations over gigantic periods of time. Many stars are so immensely distant that their light takes many thousands, or probably millions, of years to travel to the earth; it would, then, be in vain to set limits to the works of creation in space; and for us to assign any limits to time is inconsistent with the relation between the finite powers of man and the attributes of an omnipotent Being, whose powers know, direct, and govern all things throughout the eternity of space and time.

N.

THE HERMITAGE OF THE ROCK.

* * *

Most lone, most lorn, most desolate and drear,
The unaccustom'd wanderer paused in fear,
Nor dared to mark how far below his feet
The shingly beach by foaming surge was beat—
Black slimy tangle of the sea was flung
By mighty waves e'en where he, trembling, clung
Twixt sea and sky, pois'd on a jutting rock,
Rent off and shiver'd by some "old world" shock;
While high above his head with beetling brow
Rose giant cliffs swept by the wild winds sough.
Those bristling crags, that beach, were all unknown,
No human form was nigh—he was alone.
Heedless of time and tide, that stay for none,
But steadfast on their solemn mission run,
He wander'd on, enwrap't in thought profound,
And pacing many a promontory round—
And when at length he turn'd, 'twas but to see
Deep wallowing waves, where late he pass'd them free;
And daylight fading fast—oh! drear the hour—
Yet there he found a solace in a flower.
A lonely* poppy, meekly lifting up
Its sea-green stem, and gorgeous golden cup—
It seem'd to say, "Behold my fragile form,
Sown by the breeze, and cradled in the storm—
Yet here, in hope serene, I bide me still,
Wash'd by the salt sea spray—fed by the rill
That trickles down beside—GOD cares for me;

* The yellow-horned poppy.

And will he not, oh! wanderer, care for thee?"
He bent to pluck the flower, but sudden stay'd
The rash resolve—"Live while thou may'st," he said,

"Thy form intact, thy beauty undefiled,
The ward of Providence—fair nature's child."
Thoughtful he look'd around, some cleft to spy,
Beyond the foam of waves as mountains high,
Some sheltering nook, firm footing there to gain,
Hid from the howling blast and blinding rain.
From point to point, with dizzy eyes, he kept,
And over slippery ledges, shuddering, crept
To where a narrow aperture appear'd
Like portal, by masonic art uprear'd.
One step, and safe he stood the arch beneath;
O'ergrown with acrid sponge and rough sea-leath;
A crystal rill pour'd from the rock beside,
And purest beverage for his thirst supplied.
He drank—and bless'd that hospitable spot,
And turn'd to scan the limits of the grot.
What sees he there?—why starts he in amaze,
With bristling hair, and wild and vacant gaze?
A cup and lamp—a bed hewn out of stone—
A scourge and beads—a skull, and many a bone
Of arm, or thigh, or rib—all fleshless, bare,
Shroudless, uncoffin'd, dry, outstretch'd lay there.
The moaning breeze through the dark grotto swept,
Through every vein chill ill horror crept.
'Twas but a thought—"Away thou groundless
fear!"

These poor remains is not their MAKER here?

Why should I shudder thus to gaze on death?
I, too, somehow must die! I'll gather breath
From the free air of heaven—then calm I'll turn
And seek by further relic, to discern
Who laid his bones unknown in this wild place,
And thought by penance paid to purchase grace."
But ah! nor date nor cipher serv'd to shew
A clue to one too sure a man of woe;
Nor scroll nor reliquary there might tell
His name, who died within that rock-hewn cell.

Though fetter'd thus by superstition's chain
An isolated man he must remain,
Still did that lonely Hermit, calm and mild,
Make to himself companions in the wild.
No ruthless sportsman he, that heav'd his board
By rod, or net, or gun, wide slaughtering stored;
Fresh gather'd muscles from the ebbing tide,
And rock-grown cress his guileless meal supplied;
The while devout he stood his name to bless
Who spread a table in the wilderness.
The clamorous sea-birds careless circled by,
The silver gull rose not when he drew nigh—
Unfearing ill, she paused her breast to lave,
And sportive pass'd him on the crested wave.
The rocks his dial were,—his almanack
The plants, the tides, the moon, and stars, the rack
Of angry clouds that swept the troubled sky
Like raven's wing, and told of tempests nigh.
Nor music wanted he—like shrilling note
Of organ-pipe the whistling breezes float;
While ocean's voice, with mighty fall and swell,
Booms like the breathing of some giant shell,
With diapason tones and volumed roar,
Among the bulwarks of that sullen shore.

If chance, some hapless bark storm-staid and driven

By force resistless, on the reef was riven,
With timbers parted by the desperate shock,—
Down sped the lonely Hermit of the Rock,
Like ministering spirit to the strand,
And raised the shipwreck'd seaman from the sand,
His limbs to chafe, his gaping wounds to close,
And with the Christian's balm to heal his woes,
Dry his drench'd garments by the fire, high piled
In sheltering cave, and then, with accents mild,
The strengthening cordial down his throat to pour,
And set beside of food a needful store.

"He lives! he breathes!"—while calm the sufferer slept,

Back to his shadowy grot the Hermit crept—
So none his foot might trace, and all might seem
But the enigma of some gentle dream.
Or, by tides retiring, on the sand

A lifeless corpse was left, his ready hand
Bore off the mangled relics from the wave,
And laid them piously within a grave.
Nor uninter'd his own—that stranger came
A chance-directed pilgrim, rest to claim—
And long a cross and text, o'er bones deep clos'd,
Told where the Hermit of the Rock reposed.

RHINELM.

THE GROCER OF BITSCH.

AT the northern extremity of the chain of the Vosges, or at least that portion of it which belongs to France, the fort of Bitsch is most favourably situated. It is constructed upon the summit of a mountain, and presents, in all directions, projecting and obtuse angles. There are only two ways which lead to the fort; the one practicable to horses and artillery, and which, like a huge serpent, encircles the mountain with its windings; the other, so narrow and steep, that it can only be ascended on foot, and the most robust could not gain its summit without exhaustion. At the foot of the mountain stands the city of Bitsch, with a huge rock on the north, and a large deep pond on the south.

In 1793, owing to the coalition of the Austrian and Prussian armies in the Palatinate, the fort of Bitsch became one of the most important points of the French frontier. When the Austrian army threatened Strasburg, the experienced officers and well disciplined soldiers of this fort were commanded to join the army of the Rhine, leaving behind one of those battalions of volunteers that the recent levying had produced. Devoted and intrepid, but little accustomed to the tactics of war, these young soldiers apparently neglected the precautions that a garrison ought to take when watching the movements of an enemy, which made the Prussian general conceive the idea of attacking them.

On the 26th Brumaire, year 2, a man, a stranger to the city, entered the shop of a grocer called Schneider. He wore the costume of the peasants of Alsace, and there was nothing in his general appearance, nor in his gait, that could awaken suspicion or excite attention. Madame Schneider was alone, and on his entering inquired what he wished:—

"Six pounds of sugar," the stranger replied, in the German patois; but was evidently disguising the intonations of his voice.

Madame Schneider opened the drawer where the sugar destined to be sold in retail was placed, and began to weigh the quantity asked for. Whilst doing so, with scrupulous exactness, incapable of giving a dram too little, but, at the same time, little disposed to give one too much, the stranger glanced over the shop, then fixed his looks on the back parlour, and seemed to listen

attentively, as if to assure himself that no noise gave evidence of the presence of an animated being.

"Here, Sir," Madame Schneider said; "do you wish anything else?"

"Yes, my good lady; four pounds of soap, and a bottle of brandy."

Madame S. again busied herself in procuring the articles.

"And my friend M. Schneider," the stranger said, "How does he do?"

"Very well, Sir. Do you know my husband?"

"I was very intimate with him at one time; that is to say, before his marriage, when he resided at Strasburg. He is not at home."

"No, Sir," she replied.

"I will wager you that I can guess where he is."

"You, Sir!"

"At the Society of the Friends of Liberty and Equality I am certain. Friend Schneider is well known to all patriots and supporters of the republic." The *soi-disant* friend continued, "I would wait for him, but it will be more than two hours before he returns. Is it not so, Madame?"

"You are right, Sir," she replied. "Six pounds of sugar at 16 sous, is 4 francs 16 sous; four pounds of soap at —"

The stranger, who had taken off his large flattened hat, and raised the wig which covered his powdered hair, said, in an agitated voice—

"Charlotte!"

At that name, and that voice, so well known to her, which resounded in her ear like the distant echo of a tenderness of which she knew the secret, Madame Schneider started, and suddenly raised her head, to look at the person who had presented himself in such a strange manner.

"You!" she immediately exclaimed; "you here! in this city! and in my house!"

"I thought that Charlotte Béjart would not refuse me shelter. Have I relied too much on her generosity? If two years of exile have not obliterated my faults; if your hatred be not yet extinct; you have only to say one word,—'Go,' and you will be revenged. Let but one inhabitant of this city recognise me, and I will be lost."

"Wretched man," she said, "are you not aware that the sentence of death is already passed upon you. Ah! Monsieur Bellerive, what could have induced you thus to place your life in such jeopardy?"

"It is not of my own accord, I assure you. Like many other young men, I enlisted in the Prussian army. Yesterday our regiment was attacked by a battalion of Sansculottes, who fought like very devils, and in less than half an hour we were routed, cut in pieces, and very few escaped the carnage. I, being an emigrant,

fearing the doom that awaited me if taken prisoner, fled with all possible speed, but have been tracked all night like a wild beast; and it was not till this morning that I obtained from a peasant, by means of gold, the dress in which you now see me."

"And what do you intend doing?" Charlotte inquired; too much excited to reflect on the improbability of a peasant being able to furnish the self-styled fugitive with an auburn peruke to disguise himself.

"If you wish my death, Charlotte,"—

"I!" she said, interrupting him; "God forbid that I should desire the death of any one; notwithstanding you have wronged me much. You are unfortunate, your life is in danger. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes; give me a morsel of bread and a glass of water, then conduct me to your storehouse, where I may sleep in surety till it is dark, then I will depart."

"Are you not aware that the gates of the city are shut, and carefully guarded at night?"

"It is not by the gates that I purpose leaving. I will go to the bank of the lake, take one of the boats, and endeavour to gain the opposite shore."

"Should you be discovered?"

"It will be unfortunate; but I have no other chance of escape. Ah! how freely I could abandon myself to all the perils which threaten me, if I thought—not that you love me, but at least that you do not hate me; if from your lips I could but hear a word of pardon! What has been my crime after all? Charlotte, I have loved you. Many others have done so as well as I. But who would not love you—so beautiful, so handsome, your mind and manners so far above your station? I am offending you again. Ah! would that I had a throne to offer you."

L'epiciere smiled, and, striking her hand upon the counter, said,

"Here is my throne, Sir, and I desire no other. I have never wished to gain the affections of any one, save those of him whom Heaven in his kindness has linked to my destiny, and whose name I bear. My husband, though low in rank, has a heart so noble, that there is not a position in the world of which he is not worthy. Through you, Sir, I had all but lost his affections. Your proposals and persecutions raised up doubt and suspicion in his mind, and disturbed for more than six months the peace of our home. Ah, Sir, how often have you caused me to pass the sleepless night! How often have you made me water the pillow with my tears! If my husband knew that you were here, and disguised, you would be lost; and I again would incur his displeasure; yet, nevertheless, I cannot refuse you an asylum—to do so would be to cause your death. Follow me; I have an empty chamber upstairs, where I will put

you: and when the hour for your departure is come, may God protect you!"

Monsieur Bellerive was right in thinking that a woman, however austere her principles, and however great her resentment, could not always remain implacable; and that there are, in her eyes, more atrocious crimes than daring to love her. He succeeded, then, in his design. At eleven o'clock he was on the other side of the lake, where the detachment that the Prussian general had promised did not fail to join him. The night was sombre, and by the help of several boats, they were shortly afterwards at the foot of the fort, planning in silence a double attack. M. de Belleville, who acted as guide, was an experienced officer, and had served at the Port of Bitseh up till the year 1791, at which period he decided on emigrating. He therefore had a perfect knowledge of the place; and the expedition would certainly have proved successful, had it not been for the bravery of the garrison, and the heroic act which I am about to relate.

"What is that?" exclaimed Monsieur Schneider, at the same time jumping out of bed and opening the window, which commanded a view of the fort. The cries of the combatants, the explosion of the cannon, which shook the ceiling of his room, and the smell of the powder, answered his question.

"The fort is attacked," he said, "on both sides; and, as far as I can judge, the enemy is already half way up. How could they do so without first passing through the town?"

These words acted like the lightning's flash on the mind of Madame Schneider.

"It is I!" she cried, "it is I who have done all the mischief, then!"

"You!" Schneider exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes, I have done it. I understand all now. The wretch!"

"Who?"

"Monsieur de Bellerive."

"That man—you have seen him again?"

"Yesterday; he was hid here a part of the day and night; but I swear before God, who hears me, that pity for that man is my only crime."

In a few words she related what had passed; then falling on her knees, said—

"Marcel, I call Heaven to witness the truth of what I have asserted; if you do not believe me, if you have but the smallest doubt, pray kill me."

"Wife!" Marcel said, "there is an accent in truth which falsehood ever fails in imitating. You are a faithful woman. Embrace me, and then let us think of the enemy."

Schneider immediately dressed, took his gun in his hand; then said, in going out—

"Remain here, Charlotte, and above all

things, do not go near the windows. I think I hear some noise in the city; I will go and see what it is."

The state of Madame Schneider, when alone in her chamber, can be more easily imagined than described. The noise of an obstinate combat resounded on all sides, and the cannon of the fort thundered above her head. At the expiration of twenty minutes, Monsieur Schneider returned, blackened all over with powder.

"All is not well!" he said. "On this side we have succeeded in driving back the enemy, but it is not so on the other. The Prussians, unfortunately, have managed to raise the portcullis, destroyed the outward works, and have reached the great rampart. Did you hear that noise? They are endeavouring to burst open the gate of the grand vault. If they succeed—they have done so! Our soldiers are firing upon them at random from the rampart, but the balls do not tell. The night is dark, and it will not be daylight for three hours. If the sun were to rise at this moment, all would yet be saved."

He paced with rapid strides his chamber, a prey to the most cruel agitations; then striking his forehead, and stopping suddenly before Charlotte, he said—

"My wife, if my country is in danger, you are the cause of it. It is our fault, and all faults ought to be punished. Let us, therefore, chastise ourselves, and '*Vive la Republique!*' Give me the lantern."

Behind the house there was a little garden, which rose gradually towards the fort, at the end of which was a store-house, that happened to be plentifully supplied with oil, brandy, and other combustibles, which formed the stock of a grocer.

Mrs. Schneider saw her husband's intention, and stood, without making a single objection, looking at him as he put the light to consume the property which took years of industry to amass. An immense volume of flame immediately lighted up the atmosphere, and the angular sides of the mountains, the sloping banks, and the moats, which surrounded the place, were brilliantly illuminated. By means of this act, the position of the enemy was discovered, and its movements observed. Thwarted on the city side, battered on the other by the artillery of the fort, it was at last forced to retreat. Many perished, many were taken prisoners, and a few only escaped the carnage. Of the latter was M. de Bellerive, who suddenly appeared in Schneider's garden, by the dying embers of the consumed store-house, where Charlotte was standing.

"Hide me, hide me!" he cried. "Save me; I am wounded." But on seeing Schneider appear, he said, "Ah, it is too late."

"To the contrary, Sir," the latter replied. "Not that I pity you, for he who arms himself against his country merits a

thousand deaths. You are my private enemy, and it is that alone which protects and saves you. It will never be said that a republican profited by the justice of the law to satisfy his own personal revenge. Return to your hiding-place; and when an opportunity occurs, I will procure the means of flight."

"Ah," said the emigrant, "I am ready to swear that for the future——"

"And what does it matter to us? Go where you will, and do whatever you please. The French Republic neither cares for nor fears its enemies. We have just had a proof of it; and be assured that ere long the kings of Europe will be convinced of the prowess of the soldiers of the republic."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE Vision of the Beautiful
It follows us in youth;
The charter of our innocence,
The earnest of our truth;
Alone, within the forest glen,
Or on the dewy mead,
Away from all the haunts of men,
From sin and sorrow freed,
We meet the lovely visitant,
To whom our thoughts are given,
And wish that she were habitant
Of earth as well as Heaven;
And sigh, in sadness, as we deem
Her stay with us but as a dream!

As the melody of waters,
As music in the night,
As the ecstasy of lovers
Whose love is pure and bright,
As the dew on summer flowers,
As sweet birds in the spring,
As the moon on leafy bowers,
Or fairies on the wing,
As sweet as these, and all as fair
As memories that bind,
We cherish in our dark career
This day-star of the mind,
In all that's bright, in all that's fair,
Reflected find her image there!

JOHN HOLLOWAY.

MEMOIR OF DR. JAMIESON,

AUTHOR OF THE SCOTTISH DICTIONARY.

We hope that a brief account of an author who has added so important a contribution to Scottish literature as the Dictionary of the language, and who long occupied an honourable station in the literary society of Scotland, may not be uninteresting to the readers of "The Mirror."

John Jamieson, the subject of this notice, was born in the city of Glasgow, on the 3rd of March, 1759. His father, Mr. John Jamieson, was the pastor of one of the two Seceder congregations which were then established in that town. The Doctor, who was tenacious of blood relationship to the extremity of the old Scottish kindly feeling for reckoning kindred, counted cousins, through both father and mother, with a far-spread and highly respectable connexion. He was related to Jamieson, the Scottish

Hogarth, and for a succession of generations, a branch of his father's family had been preachers of the gospel. He retained, as a kind of heir-loom, a copy of Virgil, of date 1688, in which the names of the sons of his paternal grandfather, who was a farmer, were entered, followed by a Latin inscription, which shews that the family had a tincture of letters when classical learning was far from being general in the country. By the mother he claimed kindred with the royal lineage of Bruce. In early life he adopted the spelling of Jamieson, from a reason which he describes as puerile, which he retained, as his marriage-contract and other documents were so signed; but he caused his family to adopt the orthography of his ancestors.

The author of the Scottish Dictionary never enjoyed the benefit of regular instruction in the English language, his father having the common prejudice of the nation against what was then called *knappin English*, (i. e., imitating English accentuation.) After his imperfect course of elementary instruction, he was sent in his seventh year to the first class of the grammar school of Glasgow, then taught by Mr. Wm. Bald, a teacher quite of those times; a man of great humour, and a boon companion, but suspected, on good grounds, of partiality towards the sons of men of rank, or of those wealthy citizens who occasionally gave him a good dinner, and made him liberal *Candlemas Offerings*.

By this teacher, the son of the not rich Seceder minister was treated with so much neglect, that his father took him away at the end of the first year. The boy was then placed under a private teacher, named Selkirk, who is described as a worthy man; with whom, and by the unremitted care of his father at home, he made such progress in two years, that he was deemed fit to enter the first "Humanity" class in the University of Glasgow. The Professor was the Rev. George Muirhead, of whom his pupil entertained the most affectionate recollection. He entered with his whole soul into the business of his class; classical reading—but, above all, Virgil—was his passion. While a country clergyman, he had, it was said, purchased a piece of ground to improve in the way prescribed in the "Georgics," which system of husbandry produced its natural consequences. Once that young Jamieson wished to borrow an amusing, though still a Latin book, from the library belonging to the class, Muirhead addressed him with considerable sternness—

"John, why would you waste your time on books of that kind?"

"What would you have me to read?" inquired John, with all humility.

When the Professor replied, with great fervour, and to the utter astonishment of

the boy, "Read Virgil, Sir; read him night and day—read him *eternally*!"

During his second year at the Latin class, young Jamieson also attended the first Greek class, which was then taught by Dr. James Moor, the well-known author of the Greek grammar which bears his name. Though a man of talent, he was a very inferior teacher to Muirhead. His habits were irregular and dissipated; and he lost all authority in his class, which was often a scene of the wildest disorder. He eloquently told his pupils of the beauty of the Greek language, but his example rendered them fond of play, indifferent to regular application and study. Jamieson says of the course, that it was almost entirely lost.

So early as the time of his attendance on the prelections of Muirhead, his mind received that bias which influenced the literary pursuits of his after-life. The Professor was not satisfied with an explanation of the words of any classical passage, but was most anxious to call the attention of his pupils to the peculiar force of the terms that occurred in it; pointing out particularly the shades of signification, by which those terms, viewed as synonymous, differ from each other. This mode of illustration, which, at that time, was by no means common, had a powerful influence in attracting his attention to classical books, and even to the formation of language in general; and to it we may most probably ascribe that partiality for philological and etymological research in which he ever after took so much pleasure.

It was at the same period of his life (eleven years of age) that the future antiquary discovered a taste for old coins, and other curious objects, on which he expended his pocket-money, and also a taste for poetry. Both predilections were congenial to those of the dissipated Professor; with whom Jamieson became so far a favourite, that he kindly explained the coins the boy brought him, and would shew him his own valuable collection, acquired while Moor had travelled with the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock.

The precarious state of his father's health made him hurry on the classical and professional education of his son, who was by this time destined for the ministry; he was accordingly sent, next year, to the logic class; but he found himself quite incapable of understanding the abstractions of logic and metaphysics. He says of this year, that it might have been blotted out of the calendar of his life. And in the following year he was left so much his own master, from the continual illness of his father, that, although he studied under the famous Dr. Reid, he made little progress in the knowledge of the "Active Powers." He took pleasure in mathematics—a study he at this

time entered upon, and in which he made some progress; but over the intricacies of algebra he often fell asleep.

At the early age of fourteen, he was admitted a student of theology; and, for one session, attended the lectures of the Rev. Mr. Moncrieff, Seceder-Professor of Divinity, at Alloa. While there, he made frequent visits to that remarkable relic of the olden time, Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmannan, and pored over her large collection of old coins. Old Lady Clackmannan is, perhaps, best known to the world at large from the *Memoirs of Burns*, who was, it may be remembered, sportively dubbed knight by her with the sword of King Robert Bruce.

He afterwards prosecuted his studies at Glasgow and Edinburgh, where he was often subjected to that "dread laugh" which youth bears with difficulty, by his fellow-students, on account of his dissenting from the established church. These juvenile persecutors must have annoyed him greatly, for he made proposals of studying medicine, with a view to it as a profession, which was happily overruled by his father.

After attending the theological class for six sessions, at the age of twenty-one, he was appointed by the synod to be taken on trial for licence; and, in 1779, he was licensed by the presbytery of Glasgow. In the beginning of 1780, he was appointed to itinerate Perthshire. After preaching several Sabbaths at Dundee, where he made so favourable an impression, that the congregation gave him a call to be their pastor. In fact, he seems to have been popular with the people from the first, for three calls were simultaneously made him from vacant congregations;—namely, from Dundee, Perth, and Forfar. Dundee or Perth would have been a more advantageous appointment, but the synod allotted him the small, poor, and ill-organized congregation of Forfar, which with difficulty managed to give him an uncertain stipend of 50*l.* a-year. He naturally felt hurt at the conduct of the synod, which, he had good grounds to believe, had acted with a good deal of intrigue and jesuitry in the case. However, that venerable body might feel justified in preferring the good of their church to the worldly advantage of an individual, in appointing a young, popular, and talented man to a new locality—to a congregation still, in a measure, to be formed. But nothing could be more ungenial to the young preacher, who was accustomed to urbane society, to be thrown among a class of individuals with whom he could only hold professional intercourse; and what was, perhaps, more disheartening, the minister of the established church hated and condemned all dissenters; and the few of the better classes who inhabited the district looked upon the young Seceder preacher as

a bigot or enthusiast. But the affectionate reception which he met with from his poor congregation, tempered the bitterness of his case.

Matters, however, soon mended. In about a year after, coming to Forfar, he married Miss Charlotte Watson, youngest daughter of Robert Watson, Esq., of Shielhill. His solitary manse had now new and great attractions, and the society of the place began to look with more cordiality or complaisance on the husband of Miss Watson, the daughter of one of themselves, a lady of an old and respectable family of their own county, than they might ever have felt for the poor Seceder minister, whatever might be his claims or merits.

Soon after his marriage, he began to write for the press, and he continued for forty years a constant, and even a voluminous, writer on many diversified subjects. In 1788-9, he published his "*Socinianism Unmasked*," and "*Sermons on the Heart*;" which latter soon became popular, and was the means of introducing him to the acquaintance, by the instrumentality of Dr. Erskine, to such men as John Newton, Venn, Cecil, and other less eminent men of the religious world. About this period, Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the College of New Jersey.

He had not yet projected his great work, the Dictionary: the first idea of which arose accidentally from the conversation of one of the many distinguished persons whom he met at the residence of Mr. Dempster, M.P. for the county; which was long the frequent rendezvous of not merely the most eminent men of Scotland, but of those learned foreigners who, from time to time, visited the country. This was the learned Grim Thorkelin, Professor of Antiquities, in Copenhagen. Up to this period, Dr. Jamieson had held the common opinion, that the Scotch is no language, but merely a corrupt dialect of the English, or at least of the Anglo-Saxon. The learned Danish Professor first undeceived him, though full conviction came tardily; and proved, to his satisfaction, that there are many words in the Scotch language which had never passed through the channel of the Anglo-Saxon, or been spoken in England. Before leaving Scotland, Thorkelin requested the Doctor to note down for him all the singular words used in that part of the country, no matter how vulgar he might himself consider them; and to give the received meaning of each. Jamieson laughed at the request, saying, "What would you do, Sir, with our vulgar words; they are merely corruptions of English?" Thorkelin, who spoke English fluently, replied with considerable warmth, "If that *fantast*, Johnson, had said so, I would have forgiven him, because of his ignorance or

prejudice; but I cannot make the same excuse for you, when you speak in this contemptuous manner of the language of your country, which is, in fact, more ancient than the English. I have now spent four months in Angus and Sutherland, and I have met with between three and four hundred words purely Gothic, that were never used in Anglo-Saxon. You will admit that I am pretty well acquainted with Gothic. I am a Goth; a native of Iceland, the inhabitants of which are an unmixed race, who speak the same language which their ancestors brought from Norway a thousand years ago. All, or most of these words which I have noted down are familiar to me in my native island. If you do not find out the sense of some of the terms which strike you as singular, send them to me, and I am pretty certain I shall be able to explain them to you." Jamieson, to oblige the learned stranger, forthwith purchased a twopenny paper book, and began to write down all the remarkable or uncouth words of the district. From such small beginnings, made more than twenty years before any part of the work was published, arose his four large quarto volumes, and that revolution in opinion as to the origin of the Scottish language, and theory of its origin, which he has maintained in the learned Dissertations which accompany the Dictionary.

But long before any part of his great work had been given to the world, he presided over a large and most respectable congregation in Edinburgh, where he had every advantage for prosecuting his philological and etymological researches.

The remainder of his useful and laborious life was spent in ease and tranquillity; and though a large sharer in the common calamities which visit humanity, his share in the blessings and enjoyments of life was also great.

In the latter years of his life he had been liable to bilious attacks, for which he was recommended to try the Spas in Scotland. At length his life was cut short on the 12th July, 1838, universally regretted, esteemed, and beloved, not more for his learning, piety, and social qualities, than as one of the few endearing links which connect Scottish society with the past.—*Abridged from Tail's Magazine.*

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

THE real character of the Council of Ten is to be learnt from several of those dark episodes in the Venetian annals, which marked the fearful despotism and phlegmatic cruelty of that body, and threw so peculiar and sombre a colouring over the domestic history of the republic. In the

beginning of the fifteenth century, Francesco da Carrara, prince of Padua, maintained an unsuccessful war against the superior strength of Venice, with equal heroism and ability. From a long series of mutual injuries, the oligarchy bore to him and his own family an irreconcilable hatred. Carrara, after a brilliant defence, was compelled to surrender in his capital to the republican arms. The Venetian provveditori, or commissaries, who, according to the practice of their republic, attended her armies to control the military commanders, declared that they had no power to treat with the signor of Padua; but they invited him to deliver the city into their hands, and to proceed to negotiate in person with the senate himself. Upon the faith of a safe-conduct, Carrara, with one of his sons, obeyed their counsel, and embarked for Venice. On their arrival in that city, they were admitted to an audience of the senate, and threw themselves on their knees before the doge, to entreat the mercy of the republic. The doge, raising the suppliants, seated them on either side of his throne, and addressed a discourse to them, in which he recounted the benefits that the republic had, at former periods, conferred on their house, and reproached them, but without bitterness, with the ingratitude by which they had repaid her. The Carrara replied only by imploring the clemency of the senate; and they were then conducted to the prisons of St. Mark, where they were suffered to see Giacomo, another of the sons of Francesco, who was already a prisoner. Since his captivity he had remained in ignorance of their fate, and little expected to meet them in that abode of misery. The interview between these unhappy relatives could draw tears even from Venetian gaolers.

While the senate seemed to hesitate on their fate, and had appointed a commission to determine the place of their confinement, the Council of Ten adopted the atrocious maxims that, for enemies so dangerous by their valour and restless talents, there was no secure prison but the tomb. They removed the case before their own tribunal, and the signor of Padua was suddenly desired, by the mouth of a friar, to prepare for death. After he had confessed, the priest left him, and two of the Council of Ten entered his prison, attended by a body of their myrmidons. The indignant prince, who acknowledged no submission to the state of Venice, met his end as fearlessly as he had lived: seizing a wooden stool, the only article of furniture in his dungeon, he rushed upon his murderers, and in the effort to sell his life dearly, was at last overpowered and strangled with the strings of a crossbow. The next day his two brave sons shared the same fate.

These foul murders of independent and fallen princes were, as it has been truly observed, perfectly characteristic of the government of Venice, and would not have been avowedly perpetrated, even in the fifteenth century, by any other state in Europe. But they were followed, within a few years, by an act of national ingratitude yet more flagrant and odious. To Francesco Carmagnola, one of the most celebrated Italian captains of the middle ages, Venice had been indebted for a brilliant course of victory, which extended her sceptre over some of the fairest portions of the Lombard plains. But his successes were no sooner chequered by some partial reverses, than the Council of Ten began to entertain suspicions of his fidelity, and secretly resolved on his destruction. He was invited to Venice to confer with the senate on the restoration of peace, and welcomed, both on his route and when he arrived at the capital, with studied and flattering honours. He was introduced into the ducal palace; but his suite was advised to retire, as he would be detained in long conference with the doge and the assembled senate, and it was already late in the day. As soon as the palace was cleared of his attendants, the gates were closed; he was then told that the doge was indisposed, and could not see him until the next morning; and as he crossed the palace court to withdraw, he was suddenly seized. A door which led to his destined prison was opened, and he had only time to exclaim that he was lost, when he was hurled down into his dungeon. A few days afterwards, he was put to the torture; and during his sufferings, which were aggravated by a wound received in the service of this detestable oligarchy, a confession of guilt is said to have been extorted from him. No proof, however, was ever adduced against him; and he was conveyed to public execution with a gag over his mouth, as if his murderers could thus stifle the reproach of their enormous ingratitude.

New Books.

THE "Domestic Dictionary" (Strange and Co.) will no doubt, on account of its utility, meet a warm reception from every economical housekeeper. It contains, in a compact and condensed form, some very clever articles on cooking and domestic economy. Practical treatises on brewing, baking, making of coffee, butter, cheese, and other household requisites are also given. But the usefulness of the work does not end here; it presents a feature of a most important nature. Physicians' accounts of the effects that articles of food

have upon our system are inserted, with dietetic remarks; thus, to a great extent, ensuring health in the midst of enjoyment. The articles are written with much spirit, and the author displays a perfect knowledge of the subject of which he treats. As a specimen, we will give a few extracts, confident that they cannot fail to amuse:—

"BACHELOR'S LUNCH.—Put into a small saucepan (an iron one is preferable) a small bit of butter; when it has quite melted, put in a small piece of beef-steak, a mutton-chop with the bone taken out, or a couple of sheep's kidneys; when the meat has become brown on one side, turn it; then cut a slice of bread about the size of the saucepan, butter it, place it on the meat, and cover close. Let it cook on hot ashes or a very slow fire for about twenty minutes, then turn it out on a plate, so that the bread will be underneath. A few minutes before taking it off, the addition of a small quantity of mushroom catsup, or some piquant sauce, will be an improvement."

"CARVING.—Although it is now very much the custom, in many wealthy families, for the butler to remove the dishes from the table and carve them on the sideboard, thus saving trouble to the master or mistress of the house, and time to the guests, the practice is not so general even amongst what are called the higher classes of society that general instructions for carving will be uninteresting to them, to say nothing of the more numerous class, who, although enabled to place good dishes before their friends, are not wealthy enough to keep a butler if they were so inclined. Good carving is, to a certain extent, indicative of good society, for it proves to company that the host does not give a dinner party for the first time, but is accustomed to receive friends, and frequently to dispense the cheer of a hospitable board. The master or mistress of a house who does not know how to carve is not unfrequently looked upon as an ignorant *parvenu*, as a person who cannot take a hand at whist, in good society; is regarded as one who has passed his time in the parlour of a public house, playing at cribbage or all fours. Independently, however, of the importance of knowing how to carve well, for the purpose of regaling one's friends and acquaintances, the science, and it is a science, is a valuable acquirement for any man, as it enables him, at a public or private dinner, to render valuable aid. There are many diners-out who are welcome merely because they know how to carve. Some men amuse by their conversation; others are favourites because they can sing a good song; but the man who makes himself useful and agreeable to all, is he who carves with elegance and speed. We recommend the novice in this art, to

keep a watchful eye upon every superior carver whom he may meet at dinner. In this way he will soon become well versed in the art and mystery of cutting up."

In perusing Mr. Coulson's celebrated work on the "*Deformities of the Chest and Spine*," the following passages on the evils attendant on literary and scientific pursuits so pleased us, that we have taken the liberty of inserting them in our own pages, being assured, from the profitable information they contain, that they will be acceptable to our readers:—

"EVILS ATTENDANT ON LITERARY PURSUITS.—The evils attendant on literary and scientific pursuits may be greatly diminished by measures of a simple, though decided character. 1st. The quantity of study should be reduced. It should engage but a moderate and definite proportion of the day. Three or four hours, I think enough for close reflection; others, perhaps, would allow a longer period; but six hours certainly ought not to be exceeded, for more cannot be employed with effect. We hear, indeed, of men reading or writing twelve or fourteen hours a day. They may be at their books during this time, but I doubt their being engaged in study. The faculties cannot support such exertion. The mind and body require relief and alternation. Change is the character of the universe. Everything has its rise, acmé, and decline; and man is subject to this law, alike in his physical and intellectual character. The mind, long applied, loses its power; as Milton feelingly remarks,—'The spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermissions of labour and serious things.' Constant application renders ideas confused, and stops invention. The brain may then be said to be strained rather than exerted, and its work is aptly said to smell of the lamp. Let the student bear in mind that, even without reference to health, long continued application of the mind is unwise. He defeats his object by the earnestness with which he pursues it. Let him remember the remark of Pope Ganganeli, 'There is scarcely any work that does not savour of painful composition in some part of it, because the author has written when he should have rested.' Nor is temporary failure all. I have before adverted to the serious effects on the brain and its membranes, which result from excessive application of mind; let me again urge the student to remember that exhaustion is the result of great exertion, and the finest intellect and powers, which mock difficulty and ridicule opposition, are often broken by their own intensity of action. Nothing surely is more melancholy than the ruin of high-wrought talents sinking into torpor,

and nightshade encircling the brow which should have worn the chaplet of laurel. Alternation of pursuits affords some relief. But this principle cannot be a substitute for rest, still less can it be a substitute for that muscular exercise in the open air, which is the second measure. This remedy, indeed, is as obvious as the first, and yet quite as much neglected.

"By muscular exercises, I do not mean a walk at the rate of a funeral procession, or a ride on horseback at the pace of a market-woman, I mean such exercises as healthy boys take when liberated from the school-room, or as sportsmen take when in pursuit of game—exercise which produces full circulation and a free state of skin. The gymnastic practice is highly to be commended. Gardening is also a valuable recreation, and one which may be used when the age for more strenuous exertion is past. A third remedy, to which I have more than once adverted in other classes, and which, from its importance, I would enforce, though at the risk of repetition, is attention to the state of the digestive organs, and especially to the time and mode of eating. When food is taken at irregular times, and in a hasty manner, the stomach must suffer. The gastric juice is not constantly secreted; and the period of its abundance is determined by the habits of the individual. If a man, accustomed to dine or lunch at two, defer the meal till five, he finds his appetite and power of digestion to be less. In fact, the stomach secreted gastric juice at its usual period, but receiving nothing for this solvent to act on, was obliged to absorb it, and was not able to effect a fresh production equal in quality and quantity to the former. The meals, then, should be taken at regular and accustomed hours. We are far from approving of frequent meals; they do not allow sufficient rest for the stomach. Still less should food and study be so mixed together, as to leave no time for digestion. The quantity of food should be considerably less than usually taken. This rule is of more importance than a reference to quality. Some literary men have been in the habit of taking vinous or spirituous liquors; but this practice is decidedly injurious. The intellectual excitement it produces at the time is more than counterbalanced by subsequent depression and ruin of health; and the abbreviation of life are the ultimate results. Tea and coffee are much better and safer stimulants; they have been highly prized by Harvey, Pope, Voltaire, Napoleon, and others. Their moderate use may be commended, but the student should be informed, at the same time, that their abuse—the drinking, I mean, of tea and coffee of great strength, or several times a day—decidedly impairs the tone of the stomach. Fermented liquors are injurious. The

state of the intestines is important. When these are neglected, the digestive functions are impaired, and a train of bodily evils necessarily succeed. The mental faculties are, in many persons, affected even immediately by the state of the bowels.

"As pure air is important to the student, the country is of course preferable to town. I may repeat also the general recommendation of morning, as the best time for mental application. When there is much excitement and continual labour, the frequent washing of the head with cold water affords great relief, and tends to prevent that irregularity in the circulation on which is founded disease of the brain."

The Gatherer.

THE aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of the middle class to high official situations, not reflecting it is easier to transmute men of talents into gentlemen than it is to convert mere gentlemen into men of talents.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

Gentleness.—Years may pass over our heads without affording an opportunity for acts of high beneficence or extensive utility; whereas, not a day passes, but in common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. There are situations, not a few, in human life, when the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bountiful gift.

Ingenuity Wasted.—It is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instruments when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed, "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils?"

A man is supposed to be tolerably well occupied when he has a wife on one arm, a baby on the other, carrying a basket and a cane in his hands, a cigar in his mouth, and a hopeful heir holding on to the skirts of his coat.

Fellow, applied to a low person, or peasant, is supposed to be derived from *fellah*, the name of an agricultural labourer in Egypt.

The Artesian Well at Southampton.—The works of this most important undertaking are now in full progress; and the depth of 344 feet has been attained. The soil at this depth is a hard clay, having the appearance of a dark coloured rock, but softening on exposure to the air.

The Value of Married Men.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B—to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

Suburbs of London.—The vastness of suburban London distinguishes that city eminently from the continental cities. A mile beyond Paris you are in a wilderness of sand-hills, gypsum quarries, sterile rocks, and windmills; beyond the walls of Rome there is literally an immense expanse of desert; whereas London, if we may borrow a bull, surrounds itself, suburb clinging to suburb, like onions, fifty on a rope. The suburbs, which George Colman described emphatically as "regions of preparatory schools," have a character peculiarly their own; once seen, they cannot be mistaken. They are marvellously attached to gardening; and rejoice, above all things, at a tree in a tub. They delight in an uniformity of ugliness, staring you out of countenance, with five windows in front, and a little green hall door, at one side, giving to each house the appearance of having had a paralytic stroke; they stand upon their dignity at a distance from the road, and are carefully defended from intrusion by a body guard of spikes, bristling on a low wall. They delight in outlandish and ridiculous names; a lot of tenements, looking out upon a dead wall in front, and a madhouse in the rear, club together, and introduce themselves to your notice as Optic Terrace; another regiment is baptized by the Christian and surnames of Paradise Prospect; while a third lot, standing together two and two, after the manner of the Siamese Twins, are called Mogg's Villas, Bugsey's Cottages, or Gemini Place. The natives of these outlandish regions are less wealthy than genteel; like Bean Tibbs, they live here for the benefit of their health—and fortune. When you visit them, they are eloquent upon the merits of an atmosphere surcharged with dust, which they earnestly recommend for your inhalation, under the attractive title of "fresh air."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done, as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne.*

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